

New Wings

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Summary: Written for this one sentence prompt on Tumblr: "I'm sorry I ended up falling for you"

New Wings

"Sam, come by the workshop today? I got a new upgrade for your wings."

"Again? Really, Tony?" Sam asked him with a raised eyebrow.

Tony shrugged. "What can I say? The old ones were crap. There's a lot to improve."

Sam suppressed a smile and nodded. "Okay. I'll come by later, okay? Steve is waiting for me, we wanted to go for a run now."

"Yeah, sure, that's fine, just drop by whenever," Tony quickly said, hoping that it came off as nonchalantly as he intended it to be. Judging by the amused look on Sam's face he didn't exactly succeed with that.

Sam dropped by a few hours later, obviously freshly showered and with a plate of sandwiches for Tony. He dropped them off next to him and Tony startled at the sudden noise.

"Sorry, man, thought you had heard me."

"Don't worry." He eyed the sandwiches. "Are those for me?" he asked, mouth already full with his first bite.

Sam chuckled. "Do you see another genius here who skipped breakfast and lunch today?"

Tony couldn't answer because he was still chewing and so he just

shrugged. "Thank you," he said when he swallowed and then he pointed at some new wings to his left.

"There. I made some small improvements, but you should still take them out for a ride, see if everything feels right."

"You said you had an upgrade."

"Yes?"

"This is a completely new set of wings," Sam said, a bit of awe in his voice as he looked appreciatively at the new design.

"It...might be."

"Tony, this is the fourth set in just as many weeks."

"Your previous ones were hideous," Tony tried to justify, but one raised eyebrow from Sam silenced him.

"Are you even still working on other stuff, beside my wings?"

"Probably? There are some improvements for Natasha's Widow Bites I have to install and I have at least one new arrow for Clint somewhere down here and..."

"Tony," Sam gently interrupted him and Tony fell silent. "What are you doing?"

Sam was still looking with that gentle, fond look at him and Tony threw his hands in the air.

"I know you didn't want to live here in the tower, Steve practically had to drag you in, and I also know that you wouldn't be here if it wasn't for Steve, it's not like you'd stay for anyone else and I get that, he is a great guy, but I really want you to stay here, and I know you don't like me much, who would honestly, but I really like you, and I want you to be at home here and I'm sorry I ended up falling for you?" Tony closed weakly and then immediately smacked himself because that had definitely not been what he wanted to say.

He was pretty sure he lost his point somewhere during his rant and he was absolutely positive that he would never look Sam in the eye ever again, because, hello, embarrassing, but the decision obviously wasn't his to make.

"I might have come here for Steve, but I am not staying for him," Sam told him, and Tony wasn't sure when he got so close.

"No?" Tony asked, with a tiny bit of hope.

"No. And the only thing you should be sorry for, is neglecting your other team mates," Sam said with a small smile and Tony dared to smile back.

"I'll try to remember that."

"See that you do," Sam said right before he leaned in to kiss Tony

lightly on the lips. Maybe Tony hadn't lost his point after all.

End
file.